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# The Professional

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## Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Her hair was pulled into bright, purple braids that fell over her shoulders like a shawl. Bright laughter filled the area wherever she sat, and she sat a lot, moving from table to table of the bar like a periwinkle butterfly. She must have found a suitable man, because the two of them disappeared into the backroom for a while without so much as a formal introduction. To any outsider, the reason for their absence was purely carnal.

In reality, it was much stranger.

## Chapter 2 by MissMabb (Temporarily Inactive)



"Now, let's talk business."

The purple-haired girl spoke with an air of suaveness that seemed to indicate that she new more than she let on. The poor bloke with her had simply thought they were going to hook up, but now he wasn't so sure.

"There's something I need you to do for me."

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"Shut your mouth, pawn."

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Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



He tried to speak again, but couldn't find himself able to move under her sharp glare. In fact, he was frozen in place.

"When an appropriate amount of time has passed, you will leave this establishment. You will walk five blocks down, and head to the bar there for a drink. You will ask for a 'Swig of Death' and underneath the glass, you will find a very small packet. You will stay there until you finish the drink, before walking down to the docks and burying it under the bush with pink flowers."

"What if I don't want to?" The man asks him.

"Then I curse you in to becoming a mindless revenant." The girl tells him with a grin. She leans in close, grin sharp, and eyes looking strangely unhuman in the dim light. The man didn't doubt a word she said.

"What's in the package?" He asks, trembling.

"You ask too many questions." She replies, standing up and looking at the time. "Let's see, looking at you -" She pushes him in to the wall, rips off a single button, and ruffles his clothes and hair. "They'll accept that. Go and do what I said, exactly, and don't even think about looking in to that package. Got it?"

The man nods, mutely, before scurrying out of the room. The girl dusted off the front of her blouse and checked her appearance. Not a hair out of place.

The spell would germinate in that bush overnight, and when the carriage of the prince walked past, she would be ready to strike. She wouldn't even need to get near the scene.

Adding magic to her skillset had definitely made assassination easier. Not that with her manipulative abilities it had ever been difficult.

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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